



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

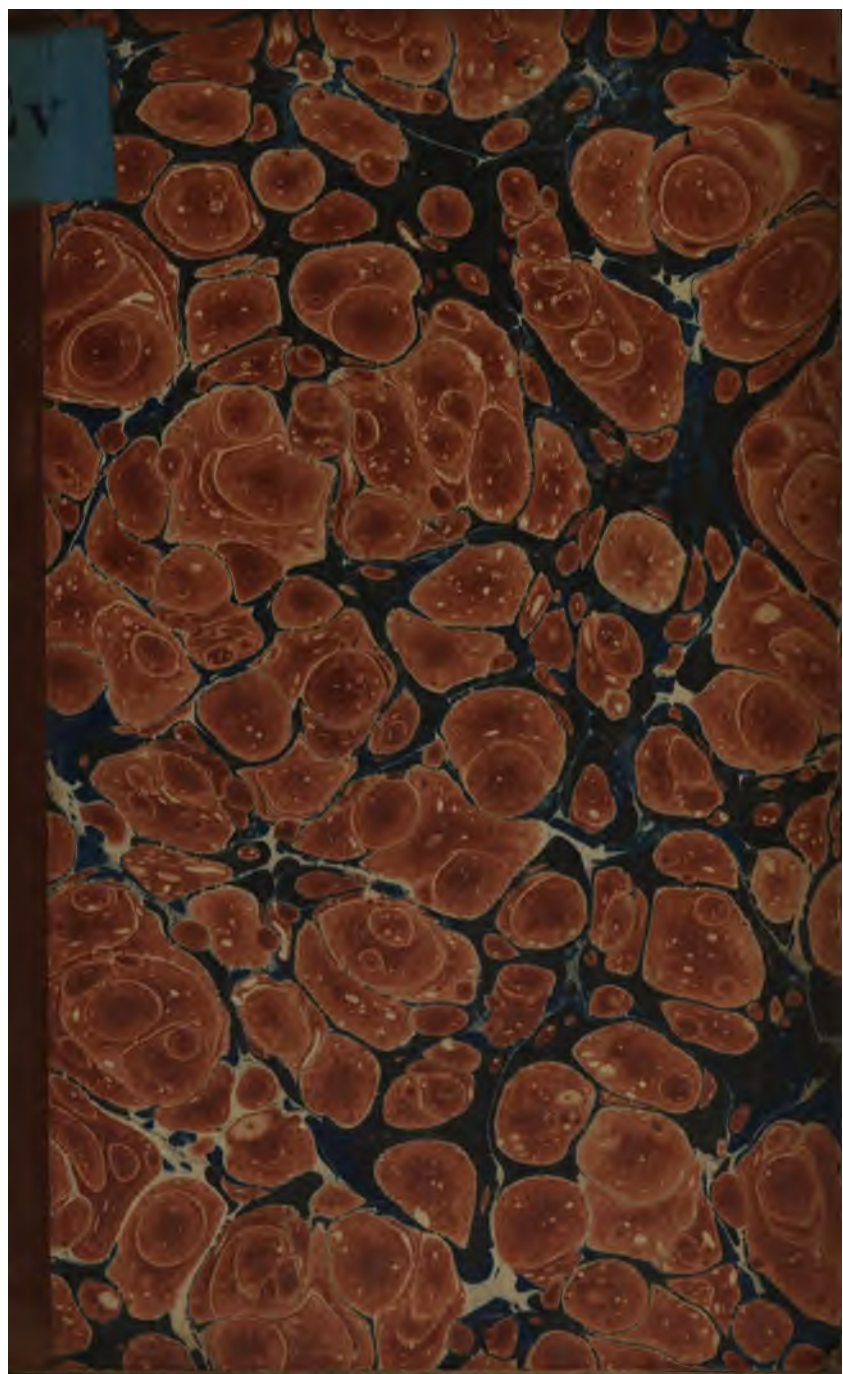
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

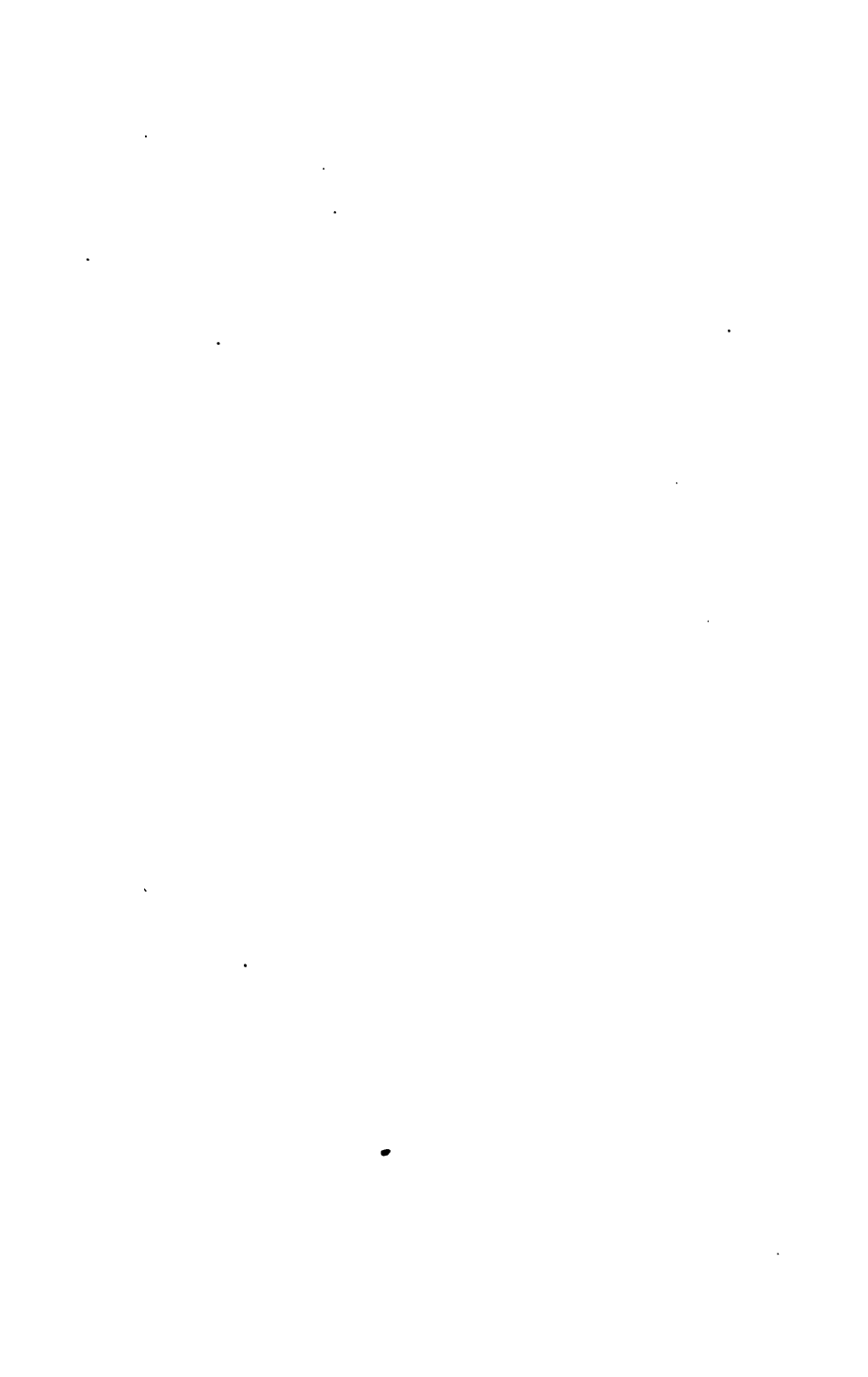
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



48.1033.





THE
CHRISTIAN MUSE'S BIRTH-PLACE,
AND
FILIAL HONOUR'S TRIBUTE;
A POEM,

BY
W. A. P. HEWETT.

•

"Thus verily could nought more charms command
Upon my heart, than my paternal land." — THEOGNIS.

When from dread Sinai had God proclaimed
What higher duties to himself we owe,
At once was due to earthly parents named,
'That this we should as next important know.

Exodus, c. XX, v. 12.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

WARWICK:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY T. B. HEATHCOTE, CORN MARKET,
—MAY BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1848.



TO WILLIAM LOWNDES, ESQUIRE,

BURY HOUSE, CHESHAM, BUCKS,

HIGH SHERIFF OF THAT COUNTY,

THE FOLLOWING

POEM

IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS HUMBLE AND

RESPECTFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

For the annexed attempt offered to the public, I have perhaps as good reasons as those, in general, who compose and publish local works. The united facts,—that Chesham is my native place, and naturally dear to me,—that its natural scenery around the parish is indeed beautiful—worthy the painter's brush, or poet's pen—that I am gifted with a poetic talent, which its divine giver expects me to improve, and for such exercise Chesham is as fair a field, as it naturally suggests itself; these united facts will I think, with considerate minds, justify my present attempt. And this allowed, how fit an opportunity offered of paying filial honour,—of expressing that love and esteem to my deceased parents which I owe them, and which in my father's * lifetime I almost totally forgot.

On my above-named talent, and its chief exercise on religious subjects, is grounded my title's first part "*The Christian Muse's Birthplace*," and its second "*Filial Honour's Tribute*," well suits my poem's latter part, which aims at preserving my parents' fragrant memory. And, by the bye, how natural and reasonable it is to honour parents with our inborn gifts, whereof, under God, their relation renders them the procuring cause!

I have endeavoured that a studied accuracy may appear in all my descriptions both of place and person, and though such accuracy will of course be less obvious to *remote* readers, at *Chesham* I imagine there is little in my descriptions, which present knowledge or future observation will not confirm. Neither, I believe, has a pedantic style warranted the *noise* of ridicule, nor a puerile one the worse *silence* of contempt, though on the one hand, classical allusion now and then supports the dignity, and on the other

* My Mother died before I was eleven years of age.

small importance much oftener attends the humility of subject. On historic local points, as Chesham Spa, having to learn from others, I have used sure guides. My notes are few and short, but I hope to the purpose. Frequency and length of notes would not accord with the narrow limits of my design, and to many of my readers, who are conversant with facts alluded to, would be superfluous.

In improving on certain local features, I have interspersed moral and other sentiments of general application, but have preserved throughout, the local spirit of the poem, avoiding digression. Though in my poem, the subject of my title's second part follows that of my first in methodical order, yet association of design has tintured certain features of the first part with the spirit of the second, as readers will discover, but only those lines marked with asterisks were purposely so tintured, as a note there will explain.

As regards my poem's second part, if I have succeeded in justly painting the Christian characters of my parents, such success as it terminates, so it crowns my undertaking. I have endeavoured to be faithful and exact in description; brief and comprehensive in diction; smooth, sublime, and impressive in my numbers. I believe that zeal has not exceeded, and hope inattention has not come short of the mark. Readers, who once knew the two whom my Muse celebrates, will here recognize their Christian characters, and if they approve my strains, will, I doubt not, also own them within the limits of my parents' desert. In conclusion, I beg charity to all errors in my work, which as they more or less mark every work issued from the press, will, I well know, disfigure mine.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS PAUL HEWETT.

June, 1848.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction — Invocation of divine aid — Chesham friendly to the Muses — Town surrounded by hills — Abounding in springs — Trade — Religious denominations — Education — Temperance Cause — Charity — Form of Town — Church and Churchyard described — Remarkable Monument — Reflections and Suggestions on it — Former Seat of the Skottowe family — Present Seat of Squire Lowndes — Park and Bury Hill Walk — Chesham's natural scenery in general — London Road in particular — Chesham Spa — Its revival suggested — Memory of the Minister Newborn — Memory of my Parents jointly in life — Then separately in order of death — Conclusion.



THE CHRISTIAN MUSE'S BIRTH-PLACE,

AND

FILIAL HONOUR'S TRIBUTE.

Awake, my Muse, with the awakening Spring,
The beauties of thy native place to sing;
In colours strong and true, and pleasing lays,
Describe the local mother of thy days;
And in due place thy parentage be sung,—
That worthy parentage from whom I sprung!
What place to any one should be more dear,
What place makes louder claims in genius' ear,
Than that where first the breath of life he drew,
And by-gone scenes of youth and childhood knew? 10
From old and modern times, it will appear
One's native place is naturally dear
Let on a larger scale, one's native *land*
Not his mere native *place*, thought's object stand,
And I will instance in Theognis old,*
Whose Muse the same to Greece his country told;
Both bards, tho' in the world's age far apart,
Hear answering mine that Grecian poet's heart:—
“But *I beseech thee*, † Phœbus, ‡ O do thou
Guard this our state, thyself propitious show, 20
For once indeed into Sicilian ground,
Once to Eubœa's § plain where vines abound,

* A Greek poet of Megara who flourished about 549 years before Christ. —See Lempriere's Classic. Dic. For my quotation from him, translated by myself, see Theognidis Sententiæ, verses 779—786.

† The original passage is preceded by the poet's just apprehensions for the safety of his native state, which accounts for the term *But*. The words in italics, though expletives of my own, suit the invoking spirit of the poet.

‡ A name given to Apollo. § Sicily was a island in the Mediterranean sea. § An island in the Egean sea.

I came, and once to Sparta * city famed
 On the Eurötas, which feeds reeds I came ;
 Arrived, me all hailed with a ready mind,
 But none of their delight *my* breast could find ;
 Thus verily could nought more charms command
 Upon my heart, than my paternal land."

Then, divine giver of my muse, inspire
 The proper feeling, and the needful fire, 30
 That task to enter on, pursue, and end,
 Whereto the bias of my mind does tend ;
 Then will I show around my place of birth,
 From Thee I had, when born, true genius' worth.

Chesham, that spot, become at once my theme,
 And first to me how friendly dost thou seem !
 For nature's God has rich provision made
 For contemplation in thy ample shade ;
 Here woods are num'rous, shady walks abound,
 And still retirement reigns upon the ground. 40
 Here may "the servant of the Muses"† meet
 In silent solitude a fit retreat,
 No rude intrusion of the world need dread,
 On nature's parlour's flowery carpet tread,
 Converse at leisure with the sisters Nine,‡
 And from their lips derive his strains divine.

My circle's centre and my poem's head
 Is Chesham town, where first my Muse is led,
 And though has nature set it at the foot ;
 My ground of rule and reason who'll dispute ? 50
 Low in a vale the town of Chesham lies,
 For hills on all sides of the town arise ;
 Nor would you find, though England o'er you went,
 A town much more surrounded with ascent.§
 Down here for springs our old forefathers came ;

* L'empriere thus describes Sparta, "a celebrated city of Peloponnesus the capital of Laconia, situate on the Eurotas, at the distance of about 30 miles from its mouth."

† Theognis verse 767. ‡ The nine Muses read of in heathen mythology.

§ I know of none more so, nor is one much more so easily conceivable.

Its springs form no small portion of its fame ;*
 Were springs divine by us as much possest,
 We then should far more than we are be blest.
 In and around the town, its waters fair
 As free, its amplitude of springs declare ; 60
 In smaller streams and brooks its waters flow,
 Or larger ponds their fuller waters show :
 Description more minute my muse designs,
 But thus much I premise in early lines.

As I can no historic page retrace,
 And seldom faith in vain conjecture place,
 All that of ancient Chesham will stand good
 Is, that for centuries the town has stood,
 As by parochial records will appear †
 To those who'd have the point of age made clear. 70

How towns their manufactures' features owe
 To ground adjacent, all the world does know ;
 Round Birmingham ‡ for making irons § known,
 As coal abounds there and the iron stone,||
 Hence for made iron is that town the mart,
 Seat of its trade and manufacturing art ;
 And as abound here hence, what smiths' require,
 Iron and iron tools as coals for fire,
 'Tis for all metal manufactures famed,
 And well "the workshop of the world" is named. 80
 As Birmingham, we from its mines below,
 For iron trade and works in metals know,
 So Chesham, from its woods above that rise,
 For chairs and wooden wares the country cries.
 Here with my local theme as I proceed,
 God's skill and goodness for a moment read ;
 The wants of man full well his Maker knows,
 For them provides, and to his reason shows ;

* This includes allusion to the mineral springs.

† The parish registers and church tablets. ‡ On the Staffordshire side in certain directions.

§ Not iron only, tho' iron chiefly, for copper and lead mines there are here also, whose ores are also prepared.

|| The quantity of coals used in making iron is immense, and Staffordshire stands as prominent among our coal counties, as it stands noted for its iron manufactures.

There see how useful minerals are found*
 In cellars largely stored beneath the ground, 90
 How happily contiguous they meet,
 And find for thousands labour's bread to eat.
Here see above the ground how timbers rise,
 What wants how of them reason's use supplies,
 Find labour's bread again, Thou Good and Wise !
 Wood wares are therefore Chesham's staple trade,
 And thus our woods of gen'ral service made.
 As from our wood-clad hills thus good does flow,
 So from our many springs in vales below,
 Which all unite and running in one course, 100
 Turn eight † successive mills with powerful force.
 And you another mill our waters turn,
 Lately a tanner's ‡ bark-mill, may discern.
 When his own mill that tanner occupied,
 With bark there ground he then prepared much hide ;
 But lately he that business has resigned,
 Most rich and to retirement much inclined.
Then tho', our springs did singularly aid
 A line continuous of progressive trade,
 For we have curriers who in course pursue 110
 The necessary process of the shoe ;
 Some for their tanned hides went that tanner to.
 And then around shoe-makers ready stand
 To take prepared materials in hand,
 Leather and shoes then add, and more than that,
 Our poorer females make both lace and plait,
 But for the poor Alas ! reflection sad ! §
 The trade in both is now become most bad.

* God's wisdom and goodness in this provision, and—line 91—arrangement, should be contemplated with devout gratitude, not forgetting, tho' unnamed in the poem, the Staffordshire Potteries, where I read one kiln consumes from 10 to 15 tons of coal, which, as well as for the metal furnaces, is at an easy distance. See *Pantologia*, Vol IV.—POTTERY.

† The mill in Sarat Bottom, beyond Dodd's mill of Chenies, is included. ‡ Mr. John Garrat, an opulent, and highly respectable gentleman of Chesham.

§ The poor, by God's will, subsist by the labour of their hands, and when this source of support fails as described, through change of public fashion, private exertion of the humane rich should find them employment, *e. g.* charitable clothing Societies, for the poor first to make clothes, and then be allowed to buy them of the Society at half the shop-prices.—Ladies think of this.

The low-priced lace, abounding from the loom,
 Has withered now the pillow lace trade's bloom ; 120
 For pillow lace is paid so small a price
 As to support the makers ca'n't suffice,
 And either to the workhouse they must go,
 Or else without, extreme distress must know.
 So with the plait, for fashion ever eyed
 Says bonnets silk—not plait—you must provide,
 And thus the brisker silk trade does destroy
 That plait which many females did employ.
 Now for the plait is paid so small a price
 As to support the makers ca'n't suffice, * 130
 If one on plait or lace alone depends,
 Unhelped by relatives or christian friends.
 Tis yours, rich ladies, to remember these,
 O let your hearts with apathy not freeze.

Midst all depression much is made and sold,
 We hope a quick revival to behold.
 Tis worth remark here, that in places few
 Thus do we trade for both the sexes view.
 Both his and hers are far away conveyed†
 To serve and sell—thus much for Chesham trade. 140
 Religion, as in other places, here
 Does in variety of form appear.
 Besides th' Established Church which numbers high,
 I four dissenting bodies can descry ;
 The Independents where late reverend Hall ‡
 Is fragrant in the memory of all ;
 The Gen'ral Baptist where late Sexton's name
 Still flourishes with an unwithering fame ;
 And where again, who did that doctrine teach,
 Did faithful Tomlin ev'ry sabbath preach : 150
 Third, the particular, my fav'rite creed
 Tho' numb'ring lowest highest ranks indeed,
 Where Cooper did with heaven-taught Calvin read ;

* A woman's earnings at either, now seldom exceed 3 shillings a week.

† Hawkers of woodwares, chair makers, and plait and lace dealers from Chesham take no small circuits about the country. This explains 84 & 97.

‡ Of these four eminent ministers, the two first are in Glory, the third still lives, but has resigned in favour of his son-in-law the Rev. Mr. Payne, and the fourth has removed to a distance, but I believe still lives & preaches.

And fourth and last I must the Quakers name,
That silent sect no preacher give to fame.

To Educations' province next I move,
And there the cheering aspect much approve,
For she her arm to all at Chesham lends,
To rich and poor impartial attends,
The food of knowledge scatters all around, 160
And is as lib'ral as her stores abound.

Religion, education's first concern,
Which must all youth without exception learn,
Her long-established seat here well maintains,
Faith's fundamentals to our youth explains.
I mean of all creeds Sunday schools are large,
And well-instructed are the youthful charge.
I wish such schools throughout the land success,
May God this best of institutions bless.' 170

And week-day schools as Sunday ones abound, 170
Where are all kinds of useful knowledge found,
For infant schools the letters introduce,*
And to their form and sound young children use,
While those who yet a little higher pass,
Among that tender interesting class,
Are taught their earliest vocal powers to raise
In man's employment high-to Jesu's praise !
From these to higher schools gradation leads,
Where stronger powers the milk of knowledge feeds ;
Thence as more ripe capacities can eat, 180
From milk they lay before them solid meat.

But as the people here are mostly poor,
Schools ope but common information's door ;
Why in the fine arts versed, in classics read,
Were those whose hands must earn their daily bread ?
Teach them in youth of God the pious fear,
And you confer their crown of learning here ;
Teach them enough of human knowledge too,
Their trades with sense and credit to pursue,
And grateful love will warm their manhood's breast, 190
In *this* for earth, in *that* for heaven while blest.

* Understand " From the first elements (with which they begin) they gradually rise to higher parts of knowledge."

Then, like the keys which down from watches shine, *
 They'll serve and grace your higher movements fine.
 Such then, and well agreeing with the place,
 Of Chesham town is education's face.
 One ladies' school, of a superior kind,
 To form the manners and instruct the mind,
 There also is, † and be it understood,
 It is as any in the county good.

Here the fine arts are taught the scholars fair, 200
 And all accomplishments await them there,
 Here Sweets from Academus' grove ‡ distil,
 And richer honey falls from Zion's hill.

There is a school above the starry skies,
 Where raise, O daughters fair, your longing eyes,
 In which the ransomed millions of mankind
 Shall through eternity employment find.
 Salvation will our wondring minds employ,
 And yield materials boundless as our joy,
 While raptured we in silent awe behold 210

The wonders that salvation will unfold,
 Or admiration bursts in shouts of praise,
 And vents her fullness in seraphic lays.
 While Wisdom Infinite conducts the school,
 Who will heaven's hosts with heaven's own order rule,
 We more shall learn from more exalted height,
 And with our knowledge will increase delight.
 Thus high is reverend Hall your pastor raised,
 Whose faithful preaching here was justly praised,
 Follow the rules he taught, the steps he trod, 220
 Up wisdom's ladder follow him to God ;
 The ground he sow'd he'll recognize with joy, §
 And hail its fruit to join his blest employ.
 What seconds education's glorious aim,
 Like sober habits and a temp'rate name ?
 And what can better help the mind of youth

* Understand " By filling their humble stations with credit, they will, as inferior members, adorn society." † Mrs. Hall's school, widow of the fore-named minister Hall.

‡ An allusion to the school of Academus, which stood near Athens, and was surrounded by high trees, and from its founder called Academia, whence our word Academy. See Lempriere's Classic Dic.

§ The young ladies of her school, whose conversions he earnestly desired, and in some instances probably saw indications of.

To useful knowledge and to heavenly truth ?
 Thus we with a society are blest,
 By whom is total abstinence imprest
 From alcoholic drinks, whose mad abuse 230
 Of lust or fury lets the tyrants loose,
 To ev'ry folly, ev'ry crime does rouse,
 Nor conscience sting, nor reason's check allows.
 These back to grave sobriety's abode
 Bring sots arrested upon ruin's road ;
 Tee-totallers their name, in rescue's boat
 For drowning sots they're ever launching out,
 And, by God's blessing, bring to safety's shore
 Those who had all but sunk to rise no more.
 Thus they, by breaking the first link of all, 240
 Cause the whole chain of kindred vice to fall. *
 Much have their labours done and much will do,
 If they their work as zealously pursue,
 While not a little hence their glory flows,
 They gain their triumphs midst surrounding foes.
 For here, as Ah ! is England over found,
 Too thick stand public-houses on the ground, †
 These of our rising youth the morals taint,
 For parents' call and masters' strong restraint ;
 They bid all guardians watch their youthful charge, 250
 Nor trust them much where dangers are so large :
 What sooner will with giddy youth prevail
 Than songs and laughter o'er cigars and ale ?
 How fatal to both sexes oft have been
 The wanton offers of a rake or quean !
 How oft does gaming with its arms of gold
 In ruin its sad votaries unfold !
 And think what hands as prompt as nu'merous wait,
 To catch the simple with an honey'd bait !

 Are charities bright features to a place ? 260
 We have a share of this important grace.
 A good foundation of our fathers lies, ‡
 And we would see such superstructure rise,

* That drunkenness introduces a train of other degrading vices is a fact too well attested by daily observation, for any to deny.

† Half the present number would be amply sufficient.

‡ I allude to the charities specified on a tablet in the church.

As doubtless was their generous desire,
 And our large poor and God's own word require.
 Yes—tablets in our parish church declare
 How dear the poor to those old donors were ;
 Dear will the poor not be in heaven above ?
 Dear let them be on earth in works of love.
 Steep is the hill of their domestic want, 270
 As that up which they to their refuge pant,
 I mean of Amersham the Union House,
 Which for our district them a home allows.
 Such kindness show them, nor in showing fail,
 That they may find their refuge in the vale.
 But never let their profligacy find
 The *virtuous* poor man's due, your alms so kind,
 Show dignified dislike and never swerve,
 Thus ever tell them nothing they deserve,
 Save when heart-melting is their awful strait, 280
 Starving or sick unhelp'd—judicial fate. *
 And, Guardians, you who over them preside,
 Be for their utmost benefit allied,
 Their woes compassionate, their wants relieve,
 As to your presence, to your hearts receive
 These children of distress, whom God designs
 Of love's bright model as your copy lines.
 How Rome's old Patrons did themselves exert †
 To do their clients good, and keep from hurt !
 And can the Christian guardian be behind 290
 That love which we in heathen Patrons find ?
 Both town and parish many poor contain,
 And not a few who scarce their bread can gain,
 So with good reason I their cause maintain.
 Extends our ground, as thus abounds our charge,
 In Bucks, as ours no parish is so large.
 As any place has more or less of poor,
 Knock claims of pity at the rich man's door,
 And as our parish has a number large,
 May charity fulfil her master's charge ! ‡ 300
 For though the poor are numerous indeed,
 There are who have the means to help their need.

* The want of such discrimination causes much imposition from the
dissolute poor on the bounty of the charitable. † Adam's Roman Anti-
 quities, page 30. ‡ I Timothy. c. VI. v. 17, 18.

Wise saints their riches who before them send
To heaven in being thus the poor man's friend !*

Enough—paint now, in topographic style,
Whate'er around does most with int'rest smile,
And with the inward nature of the place,
Depict the outward features of its face ;
And let the searching muse bring forth to light
The chief of such connections dull or bright.

310

If ask'd, Does form peculiar mark our town ?
It like our church, I cruciform would own,
My stand to point such form should be the Crown.
Here High Street and the Market Place combine,
Down from their junction running Church Street's line.
To form a cross, this street's my standing beam,
The other two a proper transverse seem.

I know with critics nice I'm not correct,
What nearer will a lib'ral judge expect ?

320

Why from your transverse rise those arms to spare ?
Fit emblems they for all who venture there !

High Street is short, and in two more divides, †
Which lead to roads and walks on various sides ;
Roads which to hamlets ‡ in the parish lead,
And walks, few walks for pleasantness exceed.

So of the transverse beam the other side

Does out into another hamlet guide, §

And so my standing beam if you pursue
That road, t'will reach the last-meant hamlet too ;

330

All lead to other towns, I scarce need say,
Urge you the hamlets through your onward way.

Now will my muse a solemn strain assume,
And seek the Church—behold the sudden gloom !
The turn is from the Market Place well known,
To Church Street, longest street in Chesham town,
Reminding us how soon the world's gay light
Its disappearance makes in death's long night.
'Tis Church Street called, since towards the Church it leads,
In graveness, Ah ! what trait the Church exceeds !

* Matthew, c. XXV, v. 35, 36, 37. † Blucher Street and Bury Hill
End, that leading out into Herts, this towards Aylesbury.

‡ Botley, Bellington and Ashridge. § Hundridge.

West of the town, upon a rising ground, 340
 The parish church of Chesham will be found.
 As central in its burial ground it stands,
 It as death's king a gloomy awe commands ;
 From Church Street its chief entrance meets your eye,
 Through large old iron gates, the Vicarage by ;
 Thus large the mournful hearses to receive,
 Of kindred dust when take survivors leave,
 Or to admit the carriages of glee,
 When marriage couples joins of high degree.
 This main road does another walk divide, 350
 Which takes to smaller gates on either side,
 Branch paths from which gates to the temple guide.
 As south and north these small gates may be known,
That enters Church Street or the southern town,
This a fair walk below a park as fair,
 To the town's north through *this* walk you repair.

The church is cruciform, of Gothic style,
 Does in that dress of architecture smile.
 I can no laboured decorations boast,
 Age, symmetry, and neatness tell at most ; 360
 To our old church does nature more than art,
 Peculiar charms and striking grace impart.
 Its site a hill, and scenery around,
 Are great additions to its beauty found ;
 The shady groves upon Squire Lowndes' ground,
 Which does the churchyard's three of four sides bound,
 Render our church more solemn and retired,
 Whereby are sacred thoughts the more inspired.
 Devotion what more than seclusion suits,
 Where stillness thoughtful worshippers salutes ! 370
Here tap'ring firs, and earth-bowed larches *there*
 Hope and humility to saints declare,
 And as above the town the church you see,
 Above the world the saint's pursuits should be !
 Our church's situation thus recluse
 Suggests to me a thought perhaps of use.
 Devotion, all will own, is more enjoyed,
 The less by worldly noise we are annoyed ;
 Now would it not be generally wise
 On spots retired to bid our churches rise ? 380

An easy distance from the noisy town
As, unlike many, * Chesham church is known.

How thick death's trophies in the church-yard stand,
Which visitors' grave notice well demand !
From tender infancy to hoary age,
Death's conquest's here the readers mind engage ;
They tell how sever'd he relations near,
From loving parents snatched their infants dear ; 390
Or how—more cutting still—forbore a time,
Then seized of lovely youth the blooming prime,
The young man wrested from his sire's embrace,
The virgin slew before her mother's face ;
How loosing too the late-formed nuptial tie,
He changed the bridegroom's laughter to a sigh,
Or seizing the new-married husband's life,
He quickly made a widow of the wife ;
Or if he longer spared the nuptial joy,
Gave deeper wounds when it he did destroy : 400
How, in a word, feel all his ruthless hand,
And make his multiplying trophies stand.

Some relics nothing but turfed graves does hide,
A covering others of sepulchral pride.
Inside the church and out these honours stand,
From plain respect to the superbly grand ;
But one in grandeur all the rest transcends,†
And special notice there my muse intends,
The striking local feature to improve,
And monumental policy to move.‡ 410
Here from expence shrank not affection's heart,
But largely paid for monumental art,
By this his costly witness to attest,
How dear the worthy partner of his breast !

* Doubtless many have felt the same annoyance, nor could I more seasonably notice it.

† I mean that well known superb monument to the memory of Lady Maria Whichcote, wife of Sir Francis Whichcote, Bart.,—a monument evidently erected at vast expense, and concerning which there is a current report, that from extravagant fondness for his deceased lady,—that nobleman even ruined himself by pompously burying and memorizing her. I have made this report the ground of some grave reflections and important suggestions, as a general improvement of so striking a local feature.

‡ "Propose,"

Ever her worth transcendent to maintain,
 Which thus could memory transcendent gain;
 Many (but who to imitate?) behold,
 For who will copy love in books of gold?
 For service bright, men to their country dear,
 In monumental grandeur should appear, 430
 To gild true greatness with immortal fame,
 And fan sparks patriot to a rival flame.
 Thus, saintly statesman, thus profound divine,
 Each in thy due symbolic laurels shine!
 Urge pious youth to reach thy Heaven-worn meed,
 And the rich substance in the shadow read.
 In all too, who the means have, it is well,
 Dead kindred's worth by monuments to tell;
 But ever let your means such honours rule,
 Nor be, to speak them wise, yourself a fool. 435
 You, but in grassy letters, who are read
 In plainness suited to your clayey bed,
 If you have left behind the Christian fame,
 Nature surpassing art preserves *your* name.
 The verdant grass and modest daisy there,
 Your bloom, O humble saint, in heaven declare,
 And nature's God of life does emblems give
 Of that exalted life in him you live.
 Humility memorial pomp would save
 Praise on the polished marble to engrave, 440
 Carve to the life the figure of the dead,
 And heap gilt eulogies upon his head.
 This will suffice him that he has his name
 Sealed in the records of eternal fame
 Will have of duty done remembrance meet
 In Christ's approving salutation sweet,
 When at the judgement all his sentence hear,
 And in their genuine characters appear;
 Thus at the resurrection of the dead,
 When marble dies, his fame is ever read. 450
 To bright memorials of the sleeping dust—
 Yet give love's hope, tho' not assurance trust.†

* Matt. c. XXV, v. 35, 36, 37. † This understand, "Preferable as
 monumental humility in general is, yet herefrom be not prejudiced in this
 or any instance of monumental pomp, against the described worth, and im-
 plied blessedness of its subject, but exercise that charity which 'loveth
 all things.'

Save in them speaks authority most sound,
 Or your own knowlege forms faith's certain ground.

Who, for these sacred boundaries I leave,
 Should now addresses from my muse receive ?
 That Squire, * a part of whose extended grounds
 Religion's fane and death's domain surrounds.
 As contact, so a lamentable fame,
 With death congenial, such address must claim ; 460
 For he can no small part of his estate
 To the destruction of a nobler datè. †
 Where, on that ground once-famed, can I now turn
 But where the widowed scenery does mourn ?
 Tells of a husband mansion doomed to fate,
 And in it tells the end of all that's great !
 The present owner of this once-famed ground
 Will patient hear the muse's mournful sound ;
 Such strains the progress of my muse requires,
 Such sad description genius inspires ; 470
 For while I sing his present seat so fair,
 Justice must one whose day has been declare ; ‡
 His Honour, critics, should the muse's pains
 With damping leave, or gratulative strains ?
 Should I illustrate afterwards to shroud,
 Or to illustrate first dispel the cloud ?
 To *that* let farewell's polished art reply, §
 To *this* a cloud-cast from an azure sky. ||

Upon your Honour's ground, in former days, **
 There stood a mansion—then—all Chesham's praise ; 480
 Its site was one agreeing with its fall,
 A park the churchyard by—the fate of all.
 On rising ground and westward of the town,
 Is this its theatre of grandeur known.

* William Lowndes, Esq., to whom the poem is dedicated.

† The Skottowe residence.

‡ Justice to features really interesting, past and present. § Allusion to departing guests, who leave the lord of the house in as good spirits as they can. || Allusion to a clear sky suddenly overcast, which strikes gloom.

** Address to Squire Lowndes opens the description, and to him is designed throughout as lord of the ground, though till I come more closely to him as sole owner of all, dismissing the former owner of part, verbal compellation is not repeated.

A family of Skottowe of the name,
 Well known to fortune and to fortune's fame,
 Its rich inhabitants at one time were—
 In high esteem, for *property* was there.
 From Yorkshire did the wealthy settler come,
 Bought the estate and made it soon his home; * 490
 Till death he occupied this seat so fair,
 When came his brother and resided there; †
 Him, at his death, his nephew did succeed,
 The last I hear of, so the last you read. ‡
 No family perhaps, for miles around,
 More loved and beautified their purchased ground;
 No family perhaps, the County o'er,
 Were than *that* family respected more.
 My muse with brevity would justice do
 To this delightful seat, and owners too; 500
 And would preserve their picture on my page,
 Which else must perish to a future age.
 Here affluence dwelt magnificently grand,
 Did all the service gold can buy command;
 Here fashion brought her products to the door,
 And patronage invention did implore. §
 Here military honour found its way,
 And in the heart of valour made its stay, ||
 Its serving forces here together drew,
 Their faults to check, and exercise to view. 510
 Here with brass cannons mounted on the hill,
 They honorary duties did fulfil;
 From divers parts when met the Regiment here,
 And did in martial array appear,
 These guns were fired in honour of the day,
 And hundreds ran to see to see the brave display.
 All that can be commodious or grand,
 In art or nature, did this seat command;
 Admirers from all parts around it drew,
 As nois'd by fame, as beautiful to view. 520

* Coulson Skottowe, Esq. † Nicholas Skottowe, Esq. ‡ John Skottowe, Esq. § Thus far, description will apply to the three successive occupants, but the military strains that follow to the second only — Nicholas Skottowe. || This description holds good in the person of Nicholas Skottowe, Esq., who held the high office of Colonel of the Bucks Militia, and used to convene his local force in his own park, and in person superintend their exercise.

Nature and art exerted here their powers,
 In walks and gardens, labyrinths and bowers ;
 All that could please the fancy here was found,
 And rare devices stood upon the ground.
 Faced Bury Hill that once-famed mansion fair,*
 Whose chief surrounding charms I now declare.
 Behind the house rich pleasure grounds were seen,
 Adorned with divers shrubs of evergreen,
 While flower dress'd beds, in various forms cut out,
 Among the shrubs were thickly strewed about. 530
 The diamond, the oblong, square, and round,
 Were here the tasteful forms of Flora's ground ;
 Their fragrant odours, and their various hue,
 The smell delighted, as they pleased the view.
 Above these pleasant pleasure grounds was seen,
 For manly exercise, the Bowling Green.
 Thence rightward in the Greenhouse one might please
 His fancy with exotic plants and trees.
 Thence in a line towards Chartridge Lane there ran
 A walk as fair as could be wished by man ; 540
 Soft to the feet—a lawn—each side to view,
 Shrubs flowering, and trees ornamental grew ;
 O'er these their boughs elms equidistant spread,
 As arms o'er blooming youth their parent head.
 A pleasant Summer-house this walk did end,
 Across the road there stood the reader's friend ;
 A root-built house with moss shell-studded lined,
 Their still resort might reading's lovers find ;
 A central table round, carved seat around,
 Here readers for accommodation found. 550
 The Bell House † stood, where they for tea retired,
 When such a wish the season's charms inspired.
 The eastern bound of this delightful seat
 Was formed of water by a narrow sheet ;
 Here floated two boats sailed, and swam two pair
 Of swans surrounded by their cygnets fair.

* Tho' not named in the poem, whose description, as it is, will perhaps be blamed as too minute, a large and beautiful library in the town, stood opposite the mansion, front to front, increasing the mansion's delightful front view, and piercing with a literary lustre its sequestered shades.

† A curious resort constructed in the Chinese style, with ornamental wooden bells at the outside corners of the top.

Moreover in this interesting place
 To view stood Eve, first mother of our race ;
 Fixed on a high-raised pedestal was she,
 As large as life her noble statue see ! 560
 • What beauty joined with dignity were there !
 A form how graceful, and a face how fair !
 But Ah ! on ruin's eve, tho' once how blest,
 For see the serpent twining round her breast !
 Behold him trying his insidious art,
 And with his golden dreams assail her heart !
 See our first mother's statue covered o'er
 With cupola, which oaken pillars bore ;
 The cupola was leaded from the wet,
 And a gilt ball upon its apex set ; 570
 Laurels and firs the statue grew around,
 A space-paled fence enclosed the sacred ground :
 As from the world enclosed was Eden old,
 So here Eve's temple † too you might behold.
 Had Eve o'ercome, and we escaped the fall,
 Ten thousand such had graced this earthly ball ;
 But since, dear mother, we are all undone,*
 'Tis hard to find a solitary one !
 Such rare devices graced this park, and here
 Were kept about two hundred head of deer, 580
 From which a prime fawn oft the keeper took,
 And served delicious venison through the cook.
 But, Ah ! this once-famed spot so altered now,
 It hardly would my picture's truth allow,
 For scarce a trace is of its grandeur seen,
 And fame alone can tell what it has been !
 But how account for such a thorough change,
 And altered aspect desolately strange ?
 The local annals can you not recal,
 (You ask) and trace the causes of its fall ? ‡ 590

* Understand this—Had Eve defeated the subtilty of the serpent, when he attempted her ruin, mankind in joy of their preserved perfection, and in honour of their victorious mother, would have raised her *triumphant* statue in every land, but as things are, human feeling in consequence rarely undertakes her statue at all, but to prevent idea of any resentment in me against Eve, I write "dear mother."

† This was the name by which it went, and is no appellation of my own.

‡ Such natural question is anticipated; the answer, in the next 8 lines, expresses a refusal to account for the change from any derogatory report.

This is a tender point, and calls for care ;
 Though fools may babble, let the wise beware !
 Not all that falls from rumour's ready tongue
 Should find as ready faith, much less be sung ;
 A neighbour's *praise* I readily believe,
 Sure that the world will here " short measure " give ;
 But when report involves a neighbour's shame,
 I'll keep aloof—credulity were blame.
 The local annals can you not recall
 (You ask) and trace the causes of its fall ? 600
 It seems the last Squire of the Skottowe name
 With difficulties so opprest became,
 That this estate to sell, to him though dear,
 Did then a step adviseable appear.
 He sold, and it your Honour's grandsire bought,
 And somehow this the seat's destruction brought,
 But the real cause of it's destruction sad,
 Inwrapped in mystery, cannot be had.
 As bought the ground this ancestor of yours,
 Your Honour, and in you it still endures, 610
 It's past possessors I no more pursue,
 But to it's present now restrict my view,
 His own original and Skottowe's land,
 Here coalescing, such a turn demand.
 These, with two farms * as fair as large, his own,
 Form his estate—the first of Gentry's known. †
 Caution ‡ be here when I, by lip or pen,
 The sacred province touch of other men !
 And ever keep the golden rule in view,
 " To act as you would have them act by you." 620
 'Tis quite as easy by your pen to be
 As person, more than you are welcome, free ;
 By state reversed, fit liberty explore,
 Speak to the purpose there, and say no more.

known to me. The inquirer acquiesces, and asks whether any grounds of the change are, by charity fully exercised, assignable, and if so, what ? To this modified question, answer of account is given, which introduces new possessors of the ground in Squire Lowndes's ancestors,

* Moor and Hundridge farms. † Gentry as distinguished from Nobility.

‡ Feeling the nearness of my subject to the Squire, sensible of his superior rank and civil dignity, and easily conceiving his attention attracted to the spirit of my strain, I have tried to meet him with expressing my *design of modest caution*.

If thus far I have trod your Honour's ground,
 And no such fault against my muse be found,
 My aim is to be equally discreet,
 While touches now my muse your *present* seat.
 And of its class I know none far or near,
 Where does a finer scenery appear.

630

Here round his house, and *there* more widely out,
 Nature and art have strewed their charms about ;
 Around the house, *here* gardens fair I meet,
There shady groves, *there* waters lucid sheet ;
 Farther, on *this* side crop-clad hills arise,
 On *that* his hilly park invites my eyes,
 A park where very soon my muse will be,
 And distant charms to more advantage see.

To all are former scenes of childhood dear,
 By memory's connexion always near,
 And when we view the strength of nature's ties,
 And habit's impress it cannot surprise.
 If for twelve years we twice or thrice a day
 Walk one ground—that is—in a general way,
 That ground as we through life remember well,
 Of it my muse will not forget to tell.

640

Your Honour's park is that familiar spot
 To me, and ne'er by me to be forgot ;
 Here one may stand, and looking far and near,
 Behold the hand of God in nature here ;
 So wide the open prospect does appear.

650

Nor less than open is the prospect fair,
There crop-clothed hills, and grassy vales are *there* !
 There game stocked woods the upward prospect bound,
 Wherefrom one sometimes hears the sportsman's sound,
 While nearer you the fruitful rabbits run,
 And to your mind bring Chesham's much-loved gun :
 The lines alternate too, which you descry,
 Of hill and vale will please the curious eye.
 From *one* hill's brow if eastward you look down
 Your view below is clear of Chesham Town,
 But if your higher eye extends more far,
 Rise higher hills than that whereon you are ;
 For Townfield Hill to such a height does rise,
 Lower our other hills all meet the eyes :

660

May God keep civil war from England's ground,
 Tho' far and wide the rabble's murmurs sound !
 But if in this or any future age,
 Should frowns increase to mad rebellion's rage,
 Cannons and men ! on this Queen Hill they are,* 670
 To threat or play on rebels from afar ;
 As thence the harmless cannon's loyal roar
 Once hailed the passing of our Sovereign Power.
 But tho' the park commands thus fine a view,
 It's ornaments within itself are few.
 Except that trees—elms, firs, and poplars—grow
Here in a group, and *there* a graceful row,
 With it, as it I under Skottowe drew,
 Will visitors a perfect contrast view.
 Of former grandeur one clear vestige still 680
 Remains, I mean the walk called Bury Hill.
 Of Chesham walks the best, it pleasant lies
 At the park's foot, the hills incipient rise ;
 It clearly views the almost joining town,
 Which close behind a well-known pond is shown, †
 And views too Townfield Hill—our highest known.
 One end the church with solemn grandeur stands,
 Her due in each alternate course demands, ‡
 The other end, the verdure viewed and shade
 Suits in this course those good impressions made. 690
 Some old elms planted by some ancient hand
 Each side this pleasant walk did lately stand—
 Stood equidistant, and in age so grown,
 'Tis thought had towards two hundred years been known.
 The wind uprooted some—perhaps decay
 Into their roots had deeply made its way ;
 The rest, which would have fallen too, were felled,
 When thus—broke order was too much beheld,

* Thus called for two reasons, as being our *highest* hill, and as being
 a fit spot for loyalty to our beloved Queen, expressed either by supposed
 martial action lines 668-9, or by past exhibition 670-1, which took place
 in the summer of 1841, when the Queen came with her retinue through
 Chesham. † Skottowe's Pond. ‡ Here one is supposed walking in
 Bury Hill, in this line, *towards*, and 688 *from* the Churchyard, "Her
 due demands" signifies solemn thoughts which the near view of a Church
 awakens in the contemplative Christian, which thoughts the "verdure"
 emblematic of immortality, and the "shade" of the covert of Calvary,
 invigorate.

And in the room and order of the old,
 Young elms were planted which we now behold. 700
 But Providence employed of wind the power,
 Not in the day time, but of night the hour;
 Ye thoughtless thus God's providence recall,
 "Some but for that had perished by their fall."
 As fallen veterans in the Indian field*
 Their place and arms to young recruits must yield.—
 As aged parents drop into their tomb,*
 And their dear children rise up in their room,*
 So are these old elms gone, and young ones bloom.*
 Thus I and mine behind our parents dear* 710
 Have walked 'neath those old elms in duty's fear,*
 Now they are gone, and in their room are we,*
 Still let that awe of nature's planting be!*
 Learn also walking here all Chesham youth,
 Whoe'er let nature teach diviner truth,
 Death busy as the wind and saw were here
 Has been of late years 'mongst your parents dear;
 One misses them as here those ancient trees,
 And in their room you like these young ones sees.
 Planted in life like parents by God's hand 720
 He age on you can as on them command,
 As by his will you in their stations stand.
 Grew they, like elms in nature, strong in grace?
 March your like glorious growth with equal pace!
 So when death's axe shall you as parents fell,
 You'll soar to them and heaven, and laugh at hell.
 For this, your youth must like these elm trees here,
 Be fenced around from sin with pious fear;
 From mischief fenced, behold how well *they* grow!
 Thus fenced will you the growth to glory know! 730

Now from the park is much more clearly seen
 The opened town, no foliage cloud between;
 Thus partly pays an unobstructed view
 For nearer sylvan beauties which we knew.

* Allusion to the late Indian war. I have here, as I named in my preface, marked certain lines with asterisks, but beyond them no such purposed tincture extends, for the substance of the lines that follow, tho' they wear the same aspect, was written long before the idea of uniting the two subjects in one poem entered my mind.

Now in this walk we hear no cawing bird,
 Swift to remove when first the saw was heard,
 But see each side fair promise of a place
 For yet remote successions of their race.
 And here a fit suggestion again
 My muse can offer, can your minds retain ; 740
 As flew that race hereafter to return,
 When like accommodation they discern,
 Let numbers who, upon your parents death,
 Lost a sure friend in their expiring breath,
 In you their children feel such aid revive,
 And find the parent in the child alive.
 Now the High Sheriff's * large estate I leave,
 And fair as large—your Honour will receive
 All in good part that has my muse exprest, 750
 More than the lines will read the writer's breast,
 Accept the good, and overlook the rest.
 Long may the God of all our mercies save
 Your honoured life from sinking to the grave !
 Long in sound health may He your life maintain,
 T' enjoy your wealth, and dearer treasures train !
 But most may you that pearl have found, or find,
 Which only can make truly rich mankind,
 Without which gold is dust, and honour wind !

Tho' some we have besides the Sheriff great
 In rank, in influence, and large estate ; 760
 Tho' seats as well as that of his are found
 In art's and nature's beauties to abound,
 Yet of the rank which I the *Gentry* name, †
 No ground—of such an interesting fame—
 Of dignity in art's or nature's charms,
 Taking fast hold of admiration's arms,
 As claims *my* muse, have any his beside,
 So special note decline I, not from pride,
 Nor disrespect, but greatness to pursue—
 That greatness not descending trifles to. 770

And when apart from private seats I stand,
 The scenery is generally grand ;

* The honoured Squire, of whom I here take leave, holds that office
 this year. † As distinguished from Nobility.

No public road, nor private walk around,
 Where more or less its beauties are not found ;
 See how that central hill, most high of all, *
 Rises beside the town like nature's wall,
 Then from the town does gradually fall !—
 Not to a valley, but a line less high,
 For miles whose tenour's obvious to the eye ; †
 See how two other lines of hill between, ‡ 780
 At first, the highest of the three 'tis seen,
 Whence its distinctive name above as Queen.
 But as all run how on a par 'tis viewed,
 As oft 'mongst men is starting pride subdued !
 Mark you how one would err (so I had erred)
 To think the park line—any distance—third,
 For soon a rising third || to view is brought,
 And makes a fourth § what I the third had thought,
 Nature's divisions of the parish these,
 With proper notice each observer sees; 790
 But these as nature's main divisions see,
 I wish to keep from subdivision free.
 Four lines of hill—each side whose plenty smiles—
 Running perhaps each line as many miles,
 Many rich farms comprising in their course,
 Landlords, to you my poem speaks with force ;
 God's goodness cannot here to strike you fail,
 Behold your land from God—no marshy vale,
 Which with expence its owner has to drain,**
 E're his light crops he cuts of stunted grain ; 800
 But gently-rising ground of fertile soil,
 Whose heavy crops repay the farmers toil ;
 No floods have hills—your *few* are favoured vales,
 Which overflowing water ne'er assails :

* Townfield Hill. † Its extent may be thus traced on the Tring road.

‡ The Amersham road line and Park line running parallel with the Townfield line in a northern direction. || It rises in a field of Mr. Field's farm, Chesham Bottom, and takes its parallel course with the other three lines. § The park line *third*, before the Chesham Bottom Farm line rises, then runs fourth, and soon diverges from it to the left. These four lines tracing Amersham road line to Hyde Heath backward, and reckoning towards Great Missenden, tho' not reckoning it in line, the ground answering the Park line, beyond its disruption at the Bury House, these four lines thus viewed comprise the greatest part of the parish.

** This is often the case where a *valley* country, and not as here a hill one surrounds much water.

In reach are narrow, * as in number few, †
 And which luxuriant as our hills we view !—
 Four lines of hill—up raising as they run,
 Their waving burdens to the rip'ning sun,
 And smiling telling smiling farmers all,
 They soon will let their yellow burdens fall 810
 In well-filled bags in the expectant vale,
 Nor with a light exchange to please them fail. ‡
 And this description, landlords made to you
 Has poverty's extended vale in view ;
 From hills of ease to its distressing call
 O may you more than Dives' crumbs let fall ! §
 Lo ! on those lines I blooming clover view,
 As for God's goodness, mark its blushing hue,
 But ne'er, red fields, for Dives owners blush,
 Such thoughts may daily sounds of mercy hush ! 820
 See all, for I strains general resume,
 Dismissing landlords from my private room,
 See how along these lines' extended slope,
 In healthy verdure stands the farmer's hope !
 How up these lines too see, with grateful eyes.
 The farmers' hope—the growing crops arise !
 While green-dressed woods the upward prospect bound,
 And stand, like parents, on the highest ground.
 Nor less admire the interjacent vales,
 Whose fertilizing water seldom fails, 830
 In limpid streamlets whose meandering round
 Nurses and decorates the grass-clad ground !
 Admire the flowers, whose various hues are seen
 Divinely worked upon this ground of green !
 The trees about these pleasant vales admire,
 Or elms which spread, or poplar trees which spire,
 To men their shade, to birds their harbour free,
 And all these local charms admiring see !
 My Muse the cattle in our vales surveys,
 There in sweet innocence the lambkin plays, 840
 Over the hillocks you behold them bound,
 Or, nimbly skip upon the level ground,

* I here chiefly view them as they extend in line between the lines of
 hill. † Few compared with hills. ‡ By the vale, I mean the Market
 House, by expectant millers, mealmen, and bakers, by light exchange,
 conversion by sale into cash. § Luke, c. XVI, v. 21.

Quick to their dams' familiar call they run
 Or fly to them, some danger near to shun ;
 Sucking their dugs they *now* will meet your eye,
Now, by them, on their grassy bed they lie.
 Thus calves and colts their dams too play around,
 And frisk, and sport upon the verdant ground,
 Their youthful blood declare by active play,
 Enjoy the morning of their short-lived day. 850
 The cattle here consorting with their kind
 Of nature's laws the lovers here may find,
 And hence a lesson good the wise may learn,—
 The company of wisdom to discern.
 Them you in peace and sweet agreement view
 Cropping at morn the grass all moist with dew,
 But when Sol's noontide rays upon them beat,
 They seek a shelter from meridian heat,
 Fly to the cooling shade, and make their stay,
 Till eve them draws, or hunger calls away. 860
 To eye admiring add admiring ear,
 For members of the sylvan choirs are here,
 Tho' the main part up in yon temples raise *
 Their vocal powers, to tune their Maker's praise!
 Thus, Chesham town, thy circumjacent ground
 As one of nature's sweetest lyres is found ;
 Fit form, springs many, and its woods on high,
 Display it such a lyre to Reason's eye ;
 Tho' sleeps thy lyre, as sleep they o'er the globe,
 When nature puts on her hibernal robe,† 870
 Yet when awoke, as in delightful May,
 What soul-transporting tunes does nature play !
 And through the whole of summer's glorious reign,
 The music of thy woke-lyre does maintain !

In no direction from the town we go,
 And nothing of that warm description know ;
 Your senses must confirm what I have penned,
 In part tho', may be, you see much to mend ;
 But, on the London road, methinks my strain
 Most will your senses' confirmation gain : 880

* The woods as chiefly on the summit of the hills.

† I allude to the change of seasons.

So there my figures shall your thoughts precede,
 And out, in language fit, your wonder lead.
 And while my muse in this direction sings,
 Behold! the course of our united springs,
 As if drawn where the local charms abound,
 Attends this line of interesting ground.
 Rise up our springs in spots around the town,
 In number five, and thus by name are known,—
 Pecks, Long, and Pest House meadows furnish three,
 And one Higher Mead, one Hawridge Well we see. 890
 These far apart meandering courses take,
 Their joint receptacle the mill pond make;
 A pond thus called, because the water's force
 A flour mill turns—the first upon its course.
 For it a line of running water sends,
 Which in an issue to some river ends,
 Increases by the by-springs as it goes,
 And in a course of useful service flows;
 If flour which does "the staff of life" produce,
 And paper for the poet be of use. 900
 Seven mills I *know* which turns the water's power,
 Four mills for paper after three for flour;
 Of eight I *hear*; * at intervals they rise,
 Loud in your ear, as obvious to your eyes!
 On this delightful road, all Chesham's pride,
 Called from this water's course the Waterside.
 With cottages so thick it leaves the town,
 Than nature's charms 'tis more for building known;
 But from the town when you are half a mile,
 Nature, on either side, begins to smile; 910
 Both sides, green fields ascend the rising ground,
 And, one side, † woods the upward prospect bound:
 While in the interjacent vale beneath,
 Stretch pleasant meads where various cattle breathe;
 The water does with gentle murmur flow,
 And turns the mills, and makes the meadows grow;
 Villas and mills the road diversify,
 And blooming gardens fix the rambling eye:
 Flora surprises with such tasteful art
 As must to her's a high delight impart; 920

* I allude to the mill in Sarraat Bottom.

† The right hand side, as you go towards Chenies.

Mills in such quick succession strike the ear,*
 Scarce dead is one when you another hear ;
 To useful action these repeaters call,
 Renewing of each other's sound the fall :
 Nor less are emblems of effectual power
 Each ream of paper, and each bag of flour.
 As you to Chenies keep this pleasant road,
 You pass Lord Cavendish's rich abode ; †
 On your left hand this noble mansion stands,
 And admiration from the road commands ; 930
 This lordly seat round us the grandest known,
 In this direction, does the prospect crown.
 Amidst a spacious park the lofty pile
 Transcends all Chesham—built in peer-like style ;
 Nobility has played the noble's part,
 Nor spared his gold from ornamental art,
 Bid Architecture's rich devices rise,
 And fall in pompous grandeur on the eyes.
 Not more was Tityrus amazed at Rome,‡
 When it he entered from his rural home, 940
 Than one when first this mansion draws his eye,
 After those cots which lately he passed by.
 The park does both sides of the road extend,
 And Chesham park, I own, does far transcend ;
 But though transcending thus, not half so dear,
 Since there my native ground was, and not here.
 This far-spread park has park-like features grand,
 In well-formed clumps trees fine and various stand ;
 Hundreds of deer are here, and well agrees
 Their social order with the clump-formed trees ; 950
 In herds distinct behold how they consort,
 Or eat, or rest they, or to shade resort,
 And this grand lesson in our minds infix,
 To keep our proper sphere, and not to mix :
 Nor nature's features less in this agree,—
 Their branching horns, and branches of the tree.

And now the park fence does the stream enclose,
 Which, tho' concealed from view, yet onward flows,

* This part of the description will be best felt, when taking a ride towards Chenies. † His estate occupies the whole hamlet of Latimers, and, I imagine, extends into Chenies parish. ‡ See Virgil's *1st Pastoral*.

To render further service in its course,
 And be to other wheels their action's source. 960
 Long as it can, the ravished eye retains
 Its view of these magnificent domains;
 Some, to admire them, art's for nature's stage
 Would change—so deeply does the view engage. *
 Soon an ascent of sudden turn you rise,
 And Chenies village opens on your eyes—
 Has beauties too—but no such splendours wait
 As those you left in Latimers' estate.
 And thus my feeble muse has tried to show
 How, *this* road, most of Chesham's charms we know; 970
 Most if not all the features of the place,
 I sang as general, you here may trace;
 Two of three lines of hill you've seen—three? more—
 Where third's made fourth, therefrom two lines of four:
 One of three threads of vale too—*threads* defined
 To notice well their narrowness of line;
 You've seen or art's, or nature's grandest charms
 Apart, and each kind in the other's arms;
 Our springs too, as most use and grace they seem:
 What means all this but justice to my theme? 980
 And where our scenery's each feature tells,
 What wonder if that road the rest excels?
 One feature—prominent indeed—remains,
 Which notice now, I think in place, obtains;
 In place, for wonder I anticipate:—
 "A feature prominent reserved thus, late?"
 To Chesham Spa † it is that I allude,
 And its reserve I thus would argue good.
 The Spa, tho' so connected with the place,
 Such comprehensive matter does embrace, 990
 That had I brought it earlier on my page,
 It you less profitably would engage.
 To give it but a superficial glance
 Would please as little, as its fame advance;
 For justice, I had writ and you had read,
 To break and injure common matter's thread;

* I mean — Some if riding would prefer walking, to enjoy the view more fully. † A term adopted into our language, to express the mineral waters of a place, from Spa, a town of Germany, famous throughout Europe for its mineral waters. See Barc. Dict. under Spa.

In nature's order, here it seemed to fall,
 In manner of appendage, last of all.
 That we should springs medicinal have found,
 The richest treasure upon Chesham's ground, 1000
 Is joy, but grief this sad reflection brings,
 "Such small resort have these salubrious springs."
 Alas their fame is dying fast away,
 And Chesham Spa is going to decay;
 Not that the water's virtues are reduced,
 There needs of fame-reviving means the use.
 Although it never, in the public mind,
 Esteem, like Bath or Leamington, * could find,
 By hard and persevering efforts, still,
 Chesham might emulate the village Brill. † 1010
 The Spa of Chesham, which my muse now sings,
 Another name has—the Chalybeate springs. ‡
 'Tis no long course of years since was unknown
 This interesting feature of our town;
 The spot where now the springs chalybeate lie
 Presented no attractions to the eye;
 It was, with joining ground, in former days
 A barren moor § where cattle used to graze,
 And children exercise their sportive plays.
 Long had it thus remained, without a guess 1020
 What healthful treasure did the ground possess,
 Strange marks at last attention did invite,
 And brought the springs chalybeate to light.
 And here the goodness of our God adore,
 By whom alone such treasures we explore.
 In gravel pits then dug upon the ground,
 And in adjacent ditches springs were found;
 These springs of such a strange appearance were,
 Some thought that more than common springs were there;
 A red and oily scum seen on their top 1030
 Of nature's judges soon inspired the hope,
 And "min'ral springs" from many lips did drop.
 This known, together Chesham did advise,
 And sent for men from town to analyze;

* Two of the chief watering places of England. † A Buckinghamshire village bordering on Oxfordshire, of late years brought into note by its mineral springs. ‡ So called from their possessing the medical properties of iron. § It formerly formed part of the moor called Chesham moor.

From trial, good results did soon proceed,
 The water had good properties indeed ;
 Their annalyzed contents did soon appear
 In print— with interest did the public hear ;
 And their adaption to disease as well,
 The world the College of Physicians * tell. 1040
 At once on foot was a subscription set,
 Which with support both prompt and lib'ral met,
 To build a place and preparations make,
 That patients might the new-found waters take.
 Quickly a room was built, and ground about
 Was with plantations and fair walks laid out ; †
 A central lawn, and gardens on each side
 Did public zeal, and workmen's skill provide.
 This drinking room was neat, but very plain,
 Yet answered well to try how t'would obtain ; 1050
 The water ranged in basins ‡ one might use,
 As did their case require, or pleasure choose ;
 Plain seats for patients visiting were there,
 And this was all—which fit beginnings were.
 The Spa at first, like other new things, brought
 Strangers from far, who or its virtues sought,
 Or who attracted by what rumour said,
 From curiosity their visits paid.
 Soon of the Chesham Spa the fame was raised,
 By patients' lips its good who felt and praised, 1060
 As lately it had praised physicians' pen,
 Which brought such influx of their countrymen.
 Its far-spread fame the wish with many wrought,
 To their own homes to have some of it brought ;
 The liquid gem the large stone bottles bore,
 Health was delivered at the patient's door ;
 The daily coach, and carriers' carts conveyed
 Water for which were such enquiries made :
 Thus was the estimable water sold,
 And changed the liquid gem for solid gold. 1070
 Now did such numbers to the springs repair,
 'Twas proper to have some-one living there ;

* A Corporation of Physicians in London. † This well known and delightful ground lies a very short distance from the town on the Amer-sham road. ‡ Basins fixed in the ground, by the springs kept constantly full, and containing different strengths of the water.

A house was therefore built, and occupied,
 And this the first improvement they provide ;
 But mark—that house no patients lodging found,
 This they must find themselves on other ground.
 T' advance the Spa, and draw more patients there,
 The Town of Chesham had a yearly fair ;*
 This fair they termed by an appropriate name—
 The min'ral fair—the waters to proclaim, 1080
 Their virtues in the public mind to keep,
 Nor let the once-roused int'rest fall to sleep.
 Now, thus far, Chesham acted well its part,
 Yet not enough had they the cause at heart,
 They used indeed wise means to make it known,
 But how could it succeed by fame alone ?
 Used they the means for general resort ?
 No, for they here came lamentably short ;
 A pump-room fitted up there should have been,
 And larger than the drinking-room is seen : 1090
 A large and a commodious hotel,
 On some fair site, there should have stood as well ;
 This had been spirit, doubtless would have paid
 For outlay—Ah ! of which they were afraid !
 This had they done, the probable success
 Would as at this time many patients bless,
 For many unemployed, employment find,
 Glory bring God, and good to humankind,
 But this they did not, patients could not find
 Fit homes, skilled matrons, and attention kind ; 1100
 The very things which any Spa requires,
 The very things which reason's self inspires.
 So became soon the rumour of the ground,
 Like street-sung songs—an uninviting sound ;
 And cared but few to pluck a fragrant rose,
 Where un-accommodation's thorns opposed.†
 So, like a nine days wonder, soon were o'er
 The strangers' visits, and they came no more ;

* This fair was on ground adjacent to the mineral house, to be as near as possible to the grand attraction.

† I mean that famed as the waters justly were, yet for want of such convenience, the public taste could no more relish them than refined rank the melody of street singers from their offensive connection, or than a fragrant rose would tempt us, at the expence of thorn-wore hands.

The fair declined, and each successive year,
 The number less did at its stalls appear, 1110
 And very soon it dwindled quite away,
 The Spa's was short and dull—a winters day :
 Its very name's near dead, a few around
 Supporters of its dying name are found.
 T'would nothing short of want of reason seem,
 To order one horse, when you want a team ;
 Thus with the Spa ; instead of every mean,
 But one was used, and now its failure's seen.
 When, as above, in fame the waters rose,
 And bloom's fair promise did itself disclose, 1120
 Some spirited and influential man
 Should up have taken, and pursued the plan,
 Have formed a Company on larger scale ;
 Success had followed, almost without fail.
 If prospect smiles, we never should omit
 To any treasure an appendage fit,
 Lest, through its want, the thing itself we spoil,
 Frustrate the good, and throw away our toil.
 Safe might such Company have worked away,
 If a bright morning may foretell the day, 1130
 And what had better fanned fame's fire thus lit,
 Than the fore-named accommodation fit ?
 What like its want could choke the rising flame,
 What sooner quench the kindling coals of fame ?
 Tho' late might still be made their enterprize
 The Spa's revival, which neglected lies !

Then you, I pray, O Company, to feel
 As debtors to society a zeal ;—
 A zeal its virtue's picture to renew,
 And set the liquid gem again in view ; 1140
 A zeal to aid recovery of health,
 Which constitutes the human body's wealth ;—
 A zeal such gift of God's kind hand to use,
 Nor by neglect unthankfully abuse ;—
 A zeal, by finding labour for the poor, *
 To open virtue's and shut vice's door ;—

* This so much involves both their physical and moral good, that no doubt can exist as to the duty, alike universal and binding, of opening such door of benefit to them.

For want of work to vice does many drive,
 With work who rather would for virtue strive :—
 A zeal as well the master men to aid,
 And thus, by finding money, helping trade ;— 1150
 A zeal to benefit a future age,
 Which profits as in duty *we* engage ;
 In this sound maxim for that object lies,
 “ Each age is better, as the last was wise : ”—
 A zeal, in fine, God's glory to promote,
 Where all this tends, and to which we should all devote.

Chesham, I see improvements made by you,
 In things which I as less important view ;
 You have dispelled the darkness of the night,
 By introducing artificial light ; 1160
 I mean the gas which, shining to the street,
 Keeps shops from theft, from stumbling passers' feet :
 You've built new houses, and some old improved,
 Here again usefulness has forward moved ;
 Among you a Society is known,*
 Whose members have in time a house their own ;
 You've formed a Bank, which gives the people ease,
 Their cash is safe, and drawn whene'er they please :
 All these are minor things to that compared,
 On which to stir you up my muse has dared ; 1170
 Then wisely act, nor deaf be to my call,
 A great thing mind, (and be united all)
 As well as things comparatively small.
 I've argued to the greater from the less,
 A course the best as orators confess ;
 But arguing to the lesser from the great,
 See your parochial school of recent date ;—
 Your Temperance Society long formed,
 Whose firmness still does brave the drunkard's storm ;—
 Your Friendly one assuaging widows' grief, 1180
 And yielding to the fatherless relief :
 Fair are these features—prominent as fair,
 Formed by your wisdom, fostered by your care ;
 The Spa revived—a feature wanting yet—
 Must with *these* greater, and *those* less have met,

* Benefit Building Society.

Before the local face complete can be,
Its beauty perfect, and its parts agree.

And acting on my counsel, also see,
How well herewith our pleasant walks agree ;
All who have learned the gem of health to prize, 1190
Will value health-conducing exercise ;
For those who might to Chesham Spa repair,
What better walks, or scenery, or air ?
Should rare success attend such enterprize,*
Let upon Townfield Hill a crescent rise, †
That there might private residences be
For patients visiting of high degree ;
Then Chesham Spa resort with Brill would share,
Rise in the local scale, and honour bear.

And now my poem's title's second part 1200
My muse approaches—be prepared my heart,
And as a passage to the pious theme,
Now, in fit season, pay the due esteem,
Which Newborn's ‡ memory does well demand,
If sought are love and honour at our hand,
To those whose preaching has to us been blest,
As his by me, and many more confess'd.
Of faithful preaching an example bright,
A candlestick where shone the Spirit's light,
Was Newborn minister of Christ, who here 1210
Did bold and zealous for the truth appear.
From scripture's fount he unmixed waters drew,
The truth there taught he preached, and lived it too ;
Election and Free Grace, his constant theme,
To him were sweet, which sour to thousands seem ;
He, in clear light and colours strong, set forth
Man's vileness great, and Christ's transcendent worth :
From all eternity God's sovereign choice
Of all who hear the Spirit's calling voice ;
Th' eternal compacts of the glorious Three, 1220
To save them, and their great Salvation be,

* It is highly probable, considering the short distance from London, that Chesham Spa, if revived, would have much resort.

† Such houses erected would as well match the beauty of surrounding scenery, as constitute an eligible resort for visiting patients of rank.

‡ He was Minister of the Particular Baptist Church at Chesham.

In Jesus Christ, who for their sakes came down
 From heaven, and left his everlasting throne,
 For all his chosen race to live and die,
 And purchase their eternal bliss on high.
 He preached how Christ his throne did reascend,
 Pleads for them there, and does the Spirit send,
 To guide the church in every age and land,
 The Church committed to Christ's faithful hand.
 He taught the calling of each blood-bought soul, 1230
 To Glory of the course of Grace the whole ;
 These themes were in his heart, and on his tongue,
 His earnest preaching, and his heart-felt song.
 Well may he then upon our mem'ry live,
 Well may my muse a willing tribute give,
 For such a pastor to his flock is dear,
 And, if away removed, is always near.
 Removed is Newborn,* not by death to heaven,
 But him elsewhere on earth is labour given ;
 There the same course his faithfulness pursues, 1240
 Nor does its end his hearty labour lose ;
 For souls become by grace his rich reward,
 And yield, through him, themselves to Christ the Lord.
 Nor will its end, in an eternal view,
 Appear in less a magnitude to you ;
 Much as he here rejoices to embrace
 His children borne him of Jehovah's grace,
 Will he rejoice in them before the throne,
 And them the crown of his rejoicing own ;
 And will supremely blest for ever be 1250
 In warmest love from the eternal Three.

From Christian I to filial honour move,
 A feeling Law and Gospel both approve ;
 But though such due be clear enough indeed,
 Our strength to pay it, but in Christ we read.
 Vouchsafe then, Strength Divine, † the needful aid,
 Ne'er but in Thee let such attempts be made.

* After some years' faithful labour at Chesham, Providence recalled him to resume the pastoral charge of his former Church in London, of which he had been the useful and esteemed minister.

† Christ, as our strength, is here addressed.

Whom, after God, should children's gifts revere?
 Their secondary source—their parents dear :
 So claims Religion, Reason so suggests, 1260
 And Nature writes the same in all our breasts.

They whom my feeble powers attempt to sing,
 Up in the memory of many spring;
 A pair who cannot be forgotten here,
 While pastors good and Christian worth are dear;
 I mean my parents * graven on my breast,
 Whose praise already have their lives exprest.
 As one by marriage, first, before death's dart
 The union sever'd, save the deathless heart,
 Thy subjects view, my muse, and then lament 1270
 Their death in order, it as Wisdom sent.
 Born for each other, in the Lord's good time,
 Them marriage joined in life's meridian prime,
 And many years, in one another blest,
 They lived, of earthly good and Grace possess'd.
 Thus well provided for by care divine,
 Their study was, as saints of God to shine;
 To do their duty to their utmost power,
 To God and man, to life's expiring hour.
 How well herein they did through grace succeed, 1280
 Confirms your knowledge all that you will read.
 So well his sacred office he became,
 He bore so high and merited a name,
 So brightly with him shone his worthy wife,
 In public he, and both in private life,
 That none at Chesham had esteem more high,
 None, vile tho' all, more fit to live or die;
 Hence tho' says *private* sense, " Preserve their fame,"
 Yet *public* feeling's voice would move the same.

But long was one the other to survive, 1290
 She was to die, and he remain alive;
 When hard on twenty years they had been one,
 My mother's summons came, her work was done;
 Death's summons she obeyed, and entered rest,†
 And filial honour thus her worth expressed:—

* The Rev. Thomas Hewett 34 years Church Minister at Chesham, and
 Mary his wife. † November. 1827.

"Safe from a sea of suffering and woe,
 Where trouble's winds continually blow,
 Released from all her pains she's now at rest,
 Lodged in the haven of her Saviour's breast !
 O ! that my muse could pay, in tuneful lays, 1300
 The honour equal to her height of praise !
 Could paint, in characters of heavenly light,
 Her Christian life which shone so clearly bright !
 My mother tho' such subject of my song,
 The causal praise does, Christ, to Thee belong.
 Of her high claims my mind by reason taught,
 My strains with highest reverence be fraught !
 What debtor am I to maternal care,
 Yet oft thereof how faint a sense I bear !
 Would faith withdraw the veil, maternal shade, 1310
 Thine is the victor's crown that ne'er can fade,
 Thine in enjoyment is heaven's promised bliss,
 Thy Lord's embrace, the Church triumphant's kiss.
 Thine are the springs of life for ever new,
 And thine of Christ the beatific view ;
 Thou clearly now dost, face to face, behold *
 The tender Shepherd of his blood-bought fold ;
 Here frequent clouds the glimmering obscured,
 At best a glimmering, and not long endured :
 Tis mine in faith, 'tis thine in sight, to sing 1320
 Jesus our Saviour, Prophet, Priest, and King ;
 His grace to thee, that this advancement gave,
 Display in me its sov'reign power to save !
 The dress which should the Christian adorn,
 Of holy life, by her was always worn ;
 Her mind lit by the spiritual Sun †
 For clearest duty there did ever run ;
 Her soul not long at ease was, save it felt
 That Sun to cheer it, or that Sun to melt :
 God's word in meditating, was at home 1330
 Her heart, and therefrom little would she roam ;

* I Cor. c, XIII, v. 12. † Tho' mind, soul, heart, and strength, as constituent parts of spiritual nature co-operate in the Christian life, yet experience teaches that sometimes one, sometimes another, is in more active exercise, according to the nature of our present engagement ; and this various exercise of faculty in Christians generally, I have illustrated in her individually, according to such distinct provinces as the general tenor of God's Word seems to assign them.

While her whole strength in moral good put forth
 Spoke, in the clearest terms, her Christian worth.
 As of Christ's people she herself professed,
 Her daily walk was an undoubted test,
 That well confirmed such an ennobling name,
 As much as by profession, such by fame.
 For, kindled from above, the pious flame
 Stamped first for warm devotedness her fame,
 And then in order from her God above, 1340
 Shone kindred, social, universal love.
 Devotion's foremost claim she ever felt,
 And from her partner learned, or with him knelt,
 And thence did ever with fresh ardour rise,
 To pay their sacred due to earthly ties.
 A glorious wife, a heaven-raised help meet she,
 Dear to her husband, as to her was he ;
 Comprized, as wife, her exemplary course
 All love suggests, or duty does enforce.
 Whate'er a *mother's* feeling could inspire, 1350
 Those duties to fulfil was her desire ;
 But always ran her strongest efforts here,
 Her children to imbue with godly fear.
 Her servants waited on her with delight,
 Mistress and friend did so in her unite ;
 Her just commands the mildest terms conveyed,
 Which, soon as heard, were cheerfully obeyed ;
 Their souls' and bodies' welfare on her mind,
 She furthered both with dignity refined.
 Not in the narrow sphere of home alone, 1360
 But in the wider social sphere she shone ;
 In her, her lady intimates, (but few,)
 Alike the Christian and lady knew ;
 Experienced she, in conversation's art,
 Improvement joined with pleasure did impart :
 She took each easy passage she could find,
 Through friends' affections, to befriend their mind ;
 With humbler friends less free, but here her aim
 Was this best effort of the friendly flame.
 Wherever known beloved, by all revered, 1370
 Herself to all that knew her she endeared ;
 To houseless want she proved herself a friend,
 A helping hand how ready to extend

To those who, press'd by poverty's sharp grief,
 From her implored compassionate relief.
 God's hand to her of providence and grace
 Taught love and sympathy to all her race;
 Her want found riches from her Master's store,
 Who, rich as God, became for sinners poor;
 Love, vast as this, excited in her breast 1380
 Like fellow-feeling with the poor distrest:
 Plenty on her his providence had poured,
 And how could she be deaf when want implored?
 In all her trials patient and resigned,
 At heaven's afflictive strokes she ne'er repined,
 But placed her trust in God's almighty power,
 And Jesu's love to cheer her suffering hour.
 "Thy will be done" composed her mind to drink
 Those bitter cups, nor let her spirit sink;
 Now, patient soul, for ever raised on high 1890
 No more to suffer as no more to die,
 With Christ enthroned thou hast a rich reward,
 Seated in heaven with thy redeeming Lord;
 May millions to that exaltation soar,
 Where blooms perfection's height for evermore:
 And Grace, to thee that this salvation gave,
 Display in me like power divine to save!

For sixteen years was spared my father's life,
 From his bereavement of his worthy wife,
 A further blessing to his flock to be, 1400
 And to his rising family to see.
 His fatal day of God's appointment came,
 He died, * but with us long will live his name;
 He died, and filial honour takes the pen,
 To keep his memorable name with men.
 And thus laments his death in heart-felt strain,
 Our loss below, above his endless gain.

What mournful accents shall my pious muse, †
 To tell the world my sad bereavement use?
 How shall my muse select the fittest strains 1410
 To paint the father's death, and children's pains?

* He died April 14th, 1844. † Read the mournful part of these
 strains, not as a present feeling, but as applying to the time of his death.

Aid me, Great God ! to Thee it does belong,
 To furnish filial honour with its song.
 The loss of any kindred is severe,
 But more so as relation was more near ;
 How must a father's then, the children's stock,
 Affect their feelings, and their spirits shock ?
 Where Death the primest local cedar * cleaves,
 And fells the parent stock, the offshoots leaves,
 In sad assemblage round the ancient foot,
 To mourn their source, while nourished by its root !

1430

And Christian worth will make regret more deep,
 If children's minds to " things divine " not sleep,
 Will long in mind regret's dear object keep ;—
 Regret more rooted and more lasting found,
 As filial sense affords more proper ground.
 If parents pious life fan filial flame,
 More cuts their death as brighter was that fame ;
 Deep, as their love was high, is their regret,
 And dark their night, as bright their sun now set !
 Such night of mourning, such regret have we,
 But 'tis unerring Wisdom's high decree ;
 God's dispensations all are good and wise,
 'Tis well when practical assent replies ;
 While nature's wounds, as fit, does nature feel,
 Let wisdom bind them, and her balsam heal :
 When love's *old* image does the mind review,
 Let faith beside it set the glorious *new*,
 Let resignation rule, and wisdom own,
 That death is life, the grave a glorious throne !

1430

1440

Long in our annals will he bright appear,
 To both his families of children, dear, †
 He needs no eulogy to sound his praise,
 Which high life's louder voice for him did raise ;
 So well his life throughout, his praise did preach,
 Surmise could doubt it not, nor slander reach :

* A metaphor expressing his bloom as a saint, his dignity and renown as a minister ; the cedar being noted for its height, bulk, foliage, and perennial verdure. The off-shoots are a metaphor of the children.

† Understand, his children by *nature*, and his spiritual charge over whom he presided as father.

But praise through him as servant of God's ^{ILL. 113} grace,
 Which at its Master's feet itself did place.
 He the most dignified and useful post
 Society contains, or man can boast,— 1450
 The Gospel ministry—did long adorn
 To life's advancing even, from its morn ;
 Those glorious tidings Jesus first reveals,
 Then, through all ages, by his preachers seals.
 In work so high, in brotherhood so grand,
 As *there* renowned, beloved he *here* did stand ;
 From life's full strength till did his powers decline,
 He laboured faithful in his work divine ;
 In Gospel bold, he preached its doctrines sound,
 And steadfast kept his high and holy ground : 1460
 Strong in his Captain's strength, he bravely fought,
 Wielded Truth's arms with courage, fearing nought ;
 To God ascribing always his success,
 Who only can the preacher's efforts bless ;
 And when disabling age bid service cease,
 With honour he retired to die in peace.
 Assured that God, through Christ, his work would own,
 His he beheld life's everlasting crown ;
 This glorious prospect did his spirits cheer,
 Defied the Tempter, and excluded fear ; 1470
 Brightened his passage to the silent tomb,
 And robed eternity in vernal bloom.
 Soon sent the solemn summons, he obeyed,
 His soul prepared for heaven was there conveyed ;
 The bliss of the triumphant church to know,
 And praise that Saviour whom he preached below.
 In Heaven's rich palace now he fills a place,
 Bought with Christ's blood, and given by God's grace ;
 Thus as the sun but sets elsewhere to shine,
 He left us but to grace the realms divine. 1480

Some striking features of his life review,
 Which one of saintly eminence we knew,
 That his best picture long admired may be,
 And it both families with pleasure see ;
 Live in their characters the pious dead,
 And still invite us in their steps to tread.
 Dead to the world, he did the world avoid,

To be more faithfully for God employed,
 The treasures of the gospel to explore,
 His charge enrich from that exhaustless store, 1490
 Build up their humble hope, their faith confirm,
 The fruit to ripen, and unfold the germ.
 From these, tho' all he loved, he held a few
 Whose pious worth his long experience knew,
 As friends, who pure and well-timed visits paid,
 And social sweets derived as they conveyed ;
 Such friendship opened here, when hence we rise,
 Expands the vast communion of the skies ;
 They sought, in Christ his brethren as his sheep,
 His kind embrace, as in his fold to keep : 1500
 That love they cherished which the gospel founds,
 Love which reciprocates, as it abounds.

He walked in all relations, as became
 His holy office and the Christian name ;
 The husband's tender love and spirit mild,
 The father's wise correction of his child,
 The master's firmness joined with mild command,
 The benefactor's gen'rous heart and hand,
 The friend and patron of the rising youth,
 Imbuer of their minds with strictest truth ; 1510
 These in his character were features bright,
 And all will own, who knew him, what I write :
 Such worth as bids our deep regret arise,
 That him, while spared, we not enough did prize.

The children his by nature well he schooled,
 As those begotten in the gospel ruled ;
 He took unwearied pains to form our youth
 To ways of wisdom, and to paths of truth ;
 With elemental science first he fed
 Our minds, and then to greater heights he led : 1520
 He made us drink from classic learning's fount,
 And culled us flowers from the Parnassian * mount ;
 With cautious care our morals he preserved,
 With love corrected us whene'er we swerved ;

* Parnassus, in the heathen mythology, was a mountain of Phocis, in Greece, held sacred to the Muses, and my meaning in this allusion is, that he enriched our minds with select poetical extracts.

He for our future life provision made,
 And strong foundations for our comfort laid ;
 See parents here a sire kind, wise, and good,
 But, Ah ! be blind to *my* ingratitude !
 For hitherto how little have I done
 In character of such a father's son !
 Blot on his cloth, upon his light a cloud,
 Was I—for vice as he for virtue loud !
 As much as he was wise, was I a fool,
 A braying ass annoying wisdom's school ;
 And this late honour paid, I frankly own,
 For past rebellion never can atone.

1530

To neighbours well disposed with kindest heart,
 His aid, when sought, he always did impart,
 Their "friend in need" did ever ready stand
 With prudent counsel, or relieving hand.

1540

Familiar with the oracles divine,
 One on whom much revealing light did shine,
 By nature talented, of learning large,
 How qualified his function to discharge !
 While, as a preacher, which increased renown,
 The rest a graceful eloquence did crown.

Such was the honoured subject of my pen,
 A pattern and an ornament to men ;
 Such was that man of God, a preacher bright,
 The pulpit's gem, and a superior light ;
 Who, tho' at him might dark derision gaze,
 Is now in heaven with his congenial blaze.

1550

Parents Adieu ; and to that glorious rest,
 Which you enjoy with millions of the blest,
 May yours and all the families of earth
 Aspire, and reach—ought else is little worth.
 Such parents lip and life observed with care
 Will not a little help their children there ;
 And now my themes of piety and place
 I drop—the glory's thine O God of grace.

1560

ERRATA.

Line 21, omission of note-mark after "Sicilian."

Line 231, for "tryants," read "tyrants."

Line 257, for "unfold," read "infold."

Line 353, for "Lowndes," read "Lowndes's."

Page 17, transpose the two first notes.

Thomas B. Heathcote, Printer, Corn Market, Warwick.

